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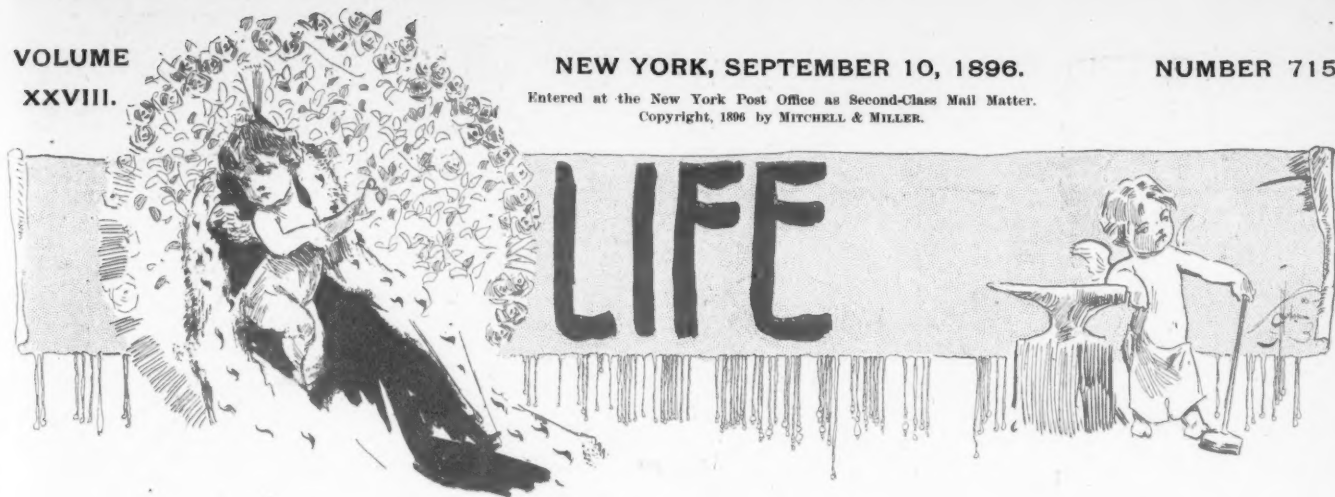
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VOLUME
XXVIII.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 10, 1896.

NUMBER 715.

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
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NO COMPARISON.

Clara: IT IS EVER SO MUCH NICER AT THE SEASHORE THAN IT USED TO BE.

Maudie: HOW SO?

"THE SURROUNDINGS ARE SO MUCH MORE MANLY."



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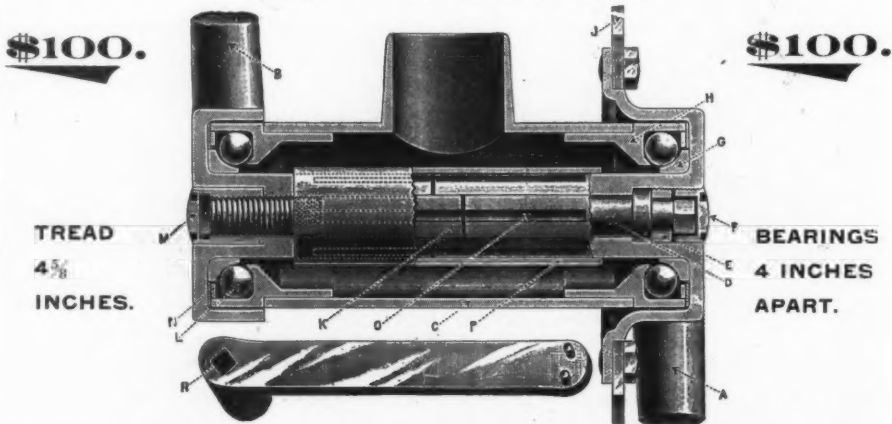
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THE GOLF FIEND.

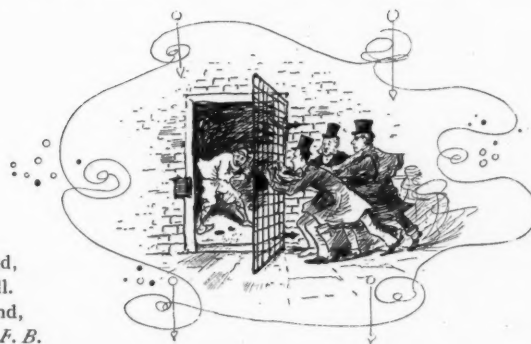
NOW who shall tackle the Golfer Mad
While his brassie beats the ground?
Do yer ken that a golfer loon, my lad,
It's wae safe to fool around?

The court to the committee has cried
"To a keeper let him be thrall,
For he squanders his gold and he leaves his bride
To harrie a foolish ball."

O, a cannie way the committee have found,
And they've laid out a course right well.
For the links lead round the asylum ground,
And the home hole lies in his cell! R. F. B.

HOPE DEFERRED.

THE SUITOR: I vill do anyt'ing to gain your consent.
THE FATHER: Young man, come to me on der-
day ven you haf made your first assignment.



AN UPWARD MOVEMENT.

TRAMP: You may not believe it, but I was once a
World reporter.
STRANGER: To what do you attribute your rise in life?



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVIII. SEPTEMBER 10, 1896. No. 715.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

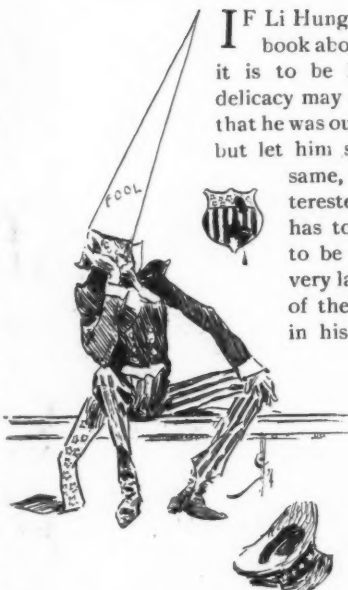
Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.
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INASMUCH as there seems to be nothing in this world not already his which the Honorable William C. Whitney especially covets except peace and a quiet life, LIFE begs to offer him its respectful condolences on being continually dragged before the public. Having had presumably a laborious winter and spring Mr. Whitney had planned in June to go to England, when he was swooped down upon by various men of might and influence and sent, much against his will, to Chicago to help rescue his party from the silver infatuation. The party didn't rescue, but Mr. Whitney's labors, futile as they proved, were not less arduous or less conspicuous for being so.

After he got back from Chicago he was duly pestered of course by persons who wanted to know what he was going to do and what the New York Democrats ought to do. Then his athletic son came back from Henley and he was pointed out on the street as the father of a Yale oarsman. Then his elder son became engaged to Miss Vanderbilt and the blaze of publicity shone on him again (especially during Mr. Vanderbilt's illness) as the prospective father-in-law of Mr. Vanderbilt's daughter. Then he bought a farm and the newspapers told stories about that. Then his son got married and that brought him to the fore again. Then the Viceroy Li was received by the President in his house in New York, and that brought him out, and probably between this writing and the issue of this number of LIFE his name will be in the papers again on some new ground.

LIFE is sorry for Mr. Whitney. It is hard that a man who wants to retire should be lugged into such a constant whirl of publicity. His very children seem banded against him to race horses or row boats or marry persons of exceptional note or do anything else that comes handy to keep their father in the public eye. Hitherto Mr. Whitney has been able to maintain his health, notwithstanding the strain on his shrinking nature, but it need surprise no one to hear that he has dug a cyclone cellar on his new farm in the Berkshires to which he can retire and be not-at-home when Destiny comes along and hammers on the roof.



IF Li Hung Chang cares to write a book about us when he gets home it is to be hoped that feelings of delicacy may not hinder. It is true that he was our guest for a short time, but let him speak his mind just the same, for we shall be most interested in hearing what he has to say. We believe him to be an astute statesman of very large experience, and one of the ablest men now active in his line of business. Yet

nothing he is likely to say of us is likely to hurt our feelings, while possibly he may give us a dig or two that will do us good. If he says our women folk have large feet we shall not resent it, knowing that our

standard in feet is not as his; if he thinks our Mr. Bryan's mind works defectively on the silver question, we will endure that disparagement too. We would be glad to know Mr. Li better and nothing would enlighten us about him more than a full and unprejudiced expression of his views about us.

NO political convention has as yet adopted a plank which condemns the international marriage. Mr. Bryan, however, in his newspaper has expressed himself very vigorously on the subject and is "unalterably opposed" to the union of American heiresses with the needier members of foreign aristocracies.



THE gladdest and most picturesque band of contemporary American voters are the Middle-of-the-Road Populists. How

they got their name LIFE is unable to ascertain, but it is a resonant and thorough-going appellation, and they have abundant reason to glory in it. The exhibition of a few members of this party guaranteed to be genuine, in a shop window in New York, would afford innocent gratification to thousands of our fellow-citizens who are sincerely anxious to know what a Middle-of-the-Road Populist is like. The exhibition of a group of them stuffed and mounted amid realistic surroundings might be equally instructive and safer for spectators, or possibly arrangements could be made for a show of live specimens in the menagerie at Central Park. However that may be, New York has much to learn about this species of Pops and would appreciate a chance to inform itself.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

"IS Doctor Ransom at home?" asked I, as the portly butler stood facing me in the doorspace.

"Yes, sir."

"Ask him if I may bother him for a little while, Harris," said I, with an easy familiarity that was not presumption from so accustomed a visitor, and I stepped in.

"Yes, Mr. Oliver," and he disappeared to be back in a moment with:



"HELLOA, JACK!"

"The Doctor will be glad to see you in the library, sir."

I handed him my hat and cloak and went up.

"Helloa, Jack," said the jolly old chap, as I went in; "what brings you here this time of night? You haven't forgotten the Jameson's dance, have you? Polly and her mother left the house some time ago."

I didn't tell him that I had sat in my hansom at the

corner for half an hour, till I had seen them drive away.

"I may drop in later," was what I did say, and then, as I drew up the comfortable leather chair he had indicated somewhat nearer to his, I added, "what I want just now is a little advice."

"Bless my soul, advice?" said the Doctor, sitting up so suddenly, that the last number of the *Lancet*, which he had been cutting when I came in, nearly slipped into the grate. It was rescued, and he went on, "your leg isn't bothering you again?"

The "leg" was one of my nasty polo mishaps.

"No, the leg is all right," I answered; "but I've got a little heart trouble."

"Nonsense. You're as sound as a steam pump," said the old gentleman emphatically.

"Well, I ought to know," replied I, leaning forward and poking at the fire.

"You've been smoking too much."

"Haven't touched tobacco for six weeks."

"Tell me some of your symptoms," said he, scrutinizing me with a professional eye.

"Well," said I, still jabbing at the coals, "my appetite seems to be disappearing; I'm sort of losing my interest in everything; and whenever I'm with a certain person I have a tremendous palpitation here;" and I put my hand as near the cardiac region as my rather limited knowledge of physiology would permit.

The Doctor was looking at me with wide-eyed amazement.

"Jack Oliver, you're crazy!" he said, when I had finished.

"Maybe it's the same thing," said I. "I'm in love."

"Well, I'll be d—d!" said the Doctor, rather blankly, leaning back in his chair. But in a moment he had regained his equanimity. "Do you mean to say that you've worked me up to almost operating pitch, with nothing but a tale of lovesickness?" he said.

"You seem to think it's nothing serious," I replied.

"What if it is serious? You don't suppose that I keep love draughts on tap, do you?"

"No," said I, "but I know you always have a pretty good brand of common-sense advice to dispense."

He seemed a bit tickled at this, and settled himself comfortably in his chair, smiling at me quizzically.

"What's her name?" he asked.

"Polly" almost pushed by my lips, but with an effort I jammed it back, and said instead: "Oh, I can't tell you that yet; your advice must be entirely unpersonal and disinterested."

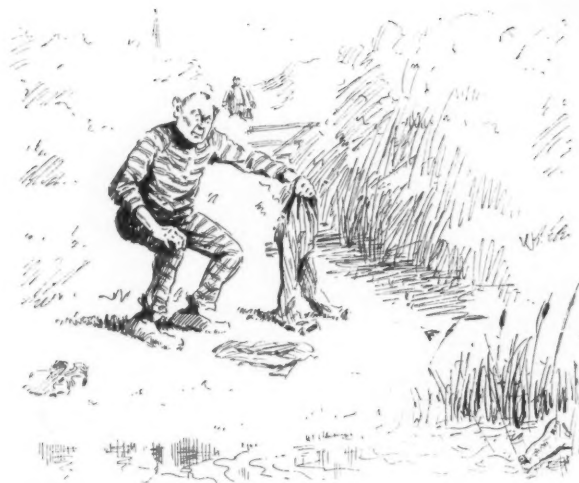
"Well, in that case," replied he, "I'll have to impose a condition."

"A condition?" said I, wondering.

"Yes," he answered, "and that is that you agree



Whiskers: I AINT HAD A SWIM SINCE I WAS A BOY, BUT IT MIGHT HELP ME TO SLEEP THESE WARM DAYS.



Sing Sing Pete: TALK ABOUT LUCK! I'M RIGHT IN IT.

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to follow my advice."

I looked up at him quickly, but saw no trace of suspicion in his eyes; nothing but amusement.

"All right," assented I. "I accept the condition."

"Go ahead then," said he, "state your proposition."

"It's a very simple one," I began, taking a long breath; "I'm very much in love with her and I think she cares something for me."

"Have you asked her?"

"Not exactly."

"But you have reason to believe that her answer would be 'yes'?"

"I have."

"Have you spoken to her father?"

"Only in a round-about way," answered I, uncomfortably conscious of my disingenuousness.

"Did you get any inkling of his idea?"

"None at all."

"Why don't you ask him outright, frankly?"

"I haven't the nerve," said I, rather

weakly; "I'm afraid he thinks I'm a good deal of a scatterbrain and spendthrift."

"Well, you are," said the Doctor promptly, sending my heart bootwards.

"I live within my income," rejoined I, stoutly.

"How much is that?" asked the Doctor, tapping his finger-tips together.

"Eighteen thousand."

"You do remarkably well," said he, dryly. "How are two to live on such a pittance, though?"

"Oh, I expect to retrench here and there, and make some compromises," replied I, conscious of his irony.

"Can you do it?" he said, seriously enough this time.

"Of course I can do it. I'm not such a fool as people take me for."

"That's fortunate," answered he; and then, as if to



AT LIFE'S FARM. GOING TO DINNER.



"FITS LIKE THE PAPER ON THE WALL—NIT! BUT IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES, PRIDE MUST BE LAID ASIDE."



Summerboarder: SOMEONE HAS LEFT HIS BATHING SUIT. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH TAKING A PLUNGE?

take away something of the sting of his outspokenness, he added: "I believe you, Jack, and my advice is to go openly to her father and speak as plainly as you've spoken to me."

"And if he's unreasonable?" said I.

"Refer him to me," answered the Doctor decisively.

"You're a brick!" I ejaculated, rising to my feet.

"And now?" said he.

"And now?" repeated I, rather vaguely, after him.

"Her name?" asked he, and there was a good deal of curiosity shot out of his gray eyes.

"I must stick to my bargain, I suppose?" queried I.

"Most certainly."

"It begins with 'P'," said I, watching for some slight suggestion that my deception had been discovered. Nothing but confidence shone from his placid face.

"What's the middle and ending of it?" asked he.

"Altogether they make 'Polly,'" answered I in a faltering voice.

He was on his feet in a second.

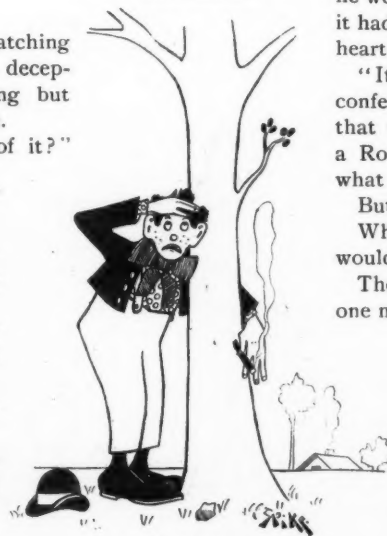
"Jack, you rascal, you've hoaxed me; I've been a blind old fool."

"You wouldn't see," said I. "But I can't wait so talk to you now, I'm off," grasping his hand.

"Off to where?" asked he, in bewilderment.

"To the Jameson's dance," answered I, joyfully; and left him dazed and I think happy.

Louis Evan Shipman.



A CIGAR CASE.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

THE other day there was a Play that determined to win the affections of the Public.

It was a very delightful play; it had intelligence, wit, and good looks. Nevertheless the Public refused to consider the Play's advances.

The Play did its best; it smiled, it flirted, and it pouted; but the Public merely went across the way and began making violent love to a Musichall.

Finally, when the Play was dying, it asked a Friend if he would mind finding out what it was that it had lacked in order to win the Public's heart and hand.

"It seems," replied the Friend, after a conference with the Public, which was at that time working a see-saw flirtation with a Roofgarden and a Stereopticon, "that what you lacked was—"

But at that moment the Play expired.

Which was a pity, since if it had waited, it would have learned something.

The moral is: That to be self-supporting one must have legs. Percival Pollard.

ROADSIDE REASONING.

PEACEFUL PETERS: Yes, me young friend Walker entered into rest de twelft of August, 1866.

LANGUID LAURENCE: Wot's got yer, Peters? He ain't dead yet.

"I know he ain't. Dat was de date of his birth."



The Sleuth: THOUGHT YOU'D ESCAPE US, DID YOU? WELL, I GUESS NOT. YOU'LL GET TWO MORE YEARS FOR THIS.



Whiskers: I AINT VERY CLEAR ON ONLY ONE THING IN THIS GAME, AND THAT IS THAT WISKERS COMES OUT AHEAD.

ON A RISING MARKET.

MAN wants but little here below—
So runs the old-time song;
But when it's stock, and going up,
He wants that little—long.

THE following letter is published in answer to various statements made in these columns:

THE ANTI VIVISECTIONISTS.

LIFE frequently gives over its pages to the caustic pencil of the caricaturist and paragrapher in the interests of the anti-vivisectionist. It has paid money, considerable sums no doubt for artistic talent to illustrate the horrible ferocity of the vivisectionist and the fiendish delight with which his disciples view his cruel work. In doing this LIFE is guilty of libeling the most humane of all professions and creating a popular prejudice against a method of investigation without which all progress in scientific medicine must cease.

It is not possible within the space allowed me to do anything more than briefly point out a few of the most conspicuous of the facts relating to vivisection. A scientific discussion of its history, methods, purposes and what it has accomplished would fill a large volume.

In the first place those who cry out the loudest against vivisection, know the least about it. They are almost exclusively certain hysterical busybodies, by heredity and training incapable of understanding the solution of a scientific problem; but, nevertheless, considering themselves as having some sort of inspired right to reform all things. They are the women who carry flowers and gush to the imprisoned brutal wife or child mur-

derer and wear upon their bonnets the wings of the egret, the life of which was wantonly sacrificed, and its young, perhaps, left to perish, to furnish a trifling ornament. If the objector be a man, he is almost sure to be some illogical Ingersoll whose emotional nature makes sound reasoning impossible, or one whose education has not furnished him with the facts, or a disposition to seek for them before reaching a conclusion.

There may be isolated cases of cruelty to the lower animals in the biologist's laboratory, but those instances are never wanton in their character and must be very rare. In five years spent in the laboratories of physiologists and biologists, both in America and Europe, the writer never saw a single act of cruelty, a single instance in which pain equal to a tenth part of that due to the natural function of maternity, was suffered by any animal; and a part of that time he spent with Dr. Henry Sewell, then a professor in the University of Michigan, and regarded by the anti-vivisectionist fraternity as one of the fiends incarnate of cruel acts to the lower animals. Whenever it was necessary to illustrate some physiological truth, which can be done only by vivisection, the animal was always narcotized sufficiently to completely abolish sensation.

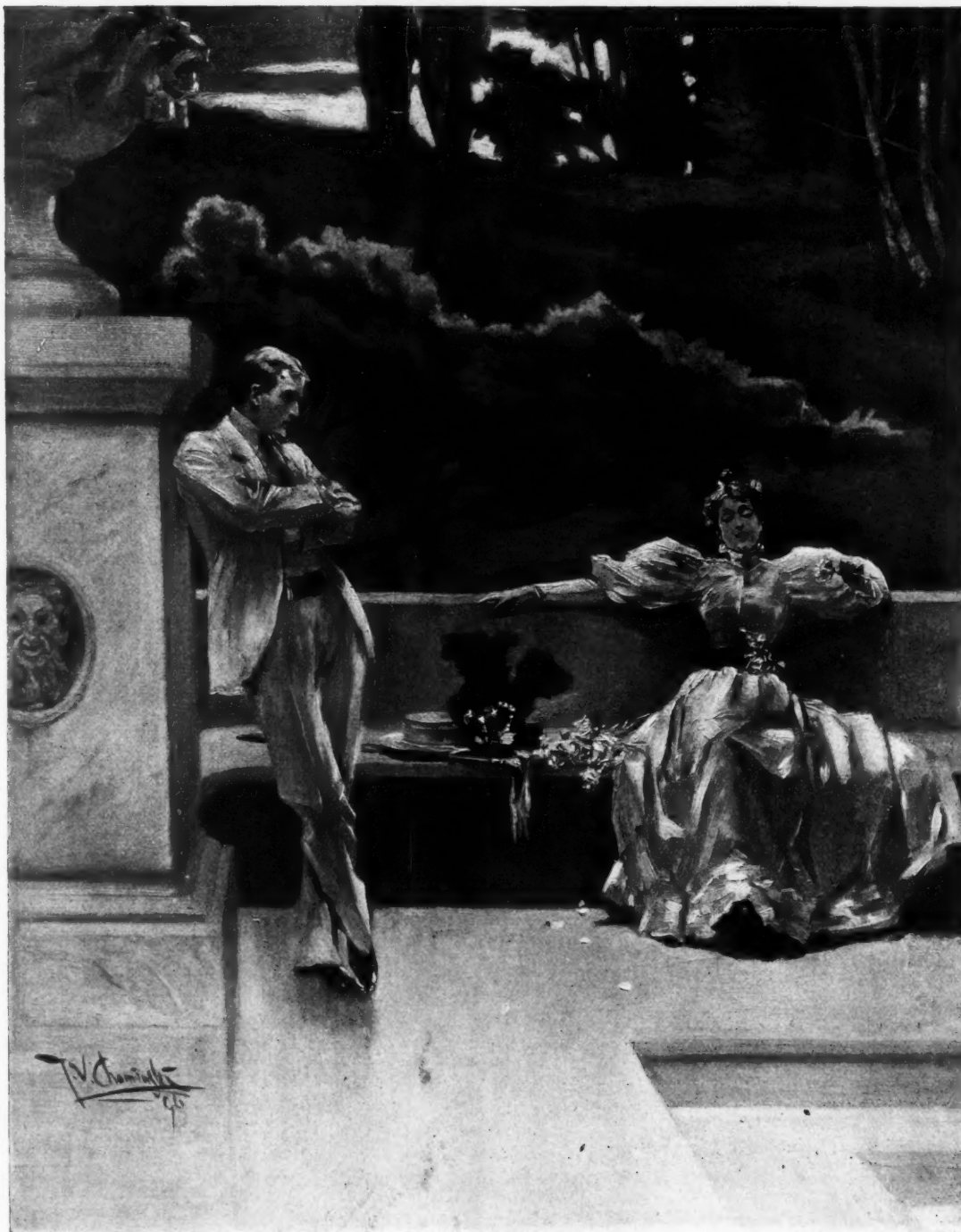
Results of investigations into the cause and cure of disease, which could not be carried out without vivisection, have, in the past twenty years, perceptibly increased the average length of human life. It is unnecessary because it is well-known already, to refer to the immunized serum treatment of diphtheria, being the result of investigations made possible by vivisection. At a recent meeting of the American Pediatric Society, more than six hundred physicians, with only a half score of dissenting voices, reported the saving of tens of thousands of valuable lives by this

remedy. Shall a sentimentality borne of emotional ignorance prevent the painless sacrifice of a few worthless animals that thousands of human beings may live?

JNO. MADDEN, M. D.,
42 and 43 Sentinel Bldg.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

While wishing to treat our correspondent with every courtesy, we nevertheless feel it our duty as "hysterical busybodies" to remark, that every statement in the above letter given as a fact, is, in the opinions of anti-vivisectionists, very far from truth.

IT is in order for some one to rise up and suggest that Uncle Sam shall provide the President with a steam yacht, a train of cars and a house in New York. LIFE is somewhat too democratic to advocate such accessions to the executive apparatus, but it would seem to be easily within the scope of the commission of the *Evening Post*. Mr. Cleveland has rich friends, and when our country needs a New York house he can borrow Mr. Whitney's, and when it needs a yacht, Mr. Benedict's; but when Mr. Bryan and the plain people come in Uncle Sam will have to get along with what he has himself. It was the Viceroy Li's good luck and not any merit of our institutions that he was not received by President Willy Bryan at the Astor House or in the Madison Square Garden.

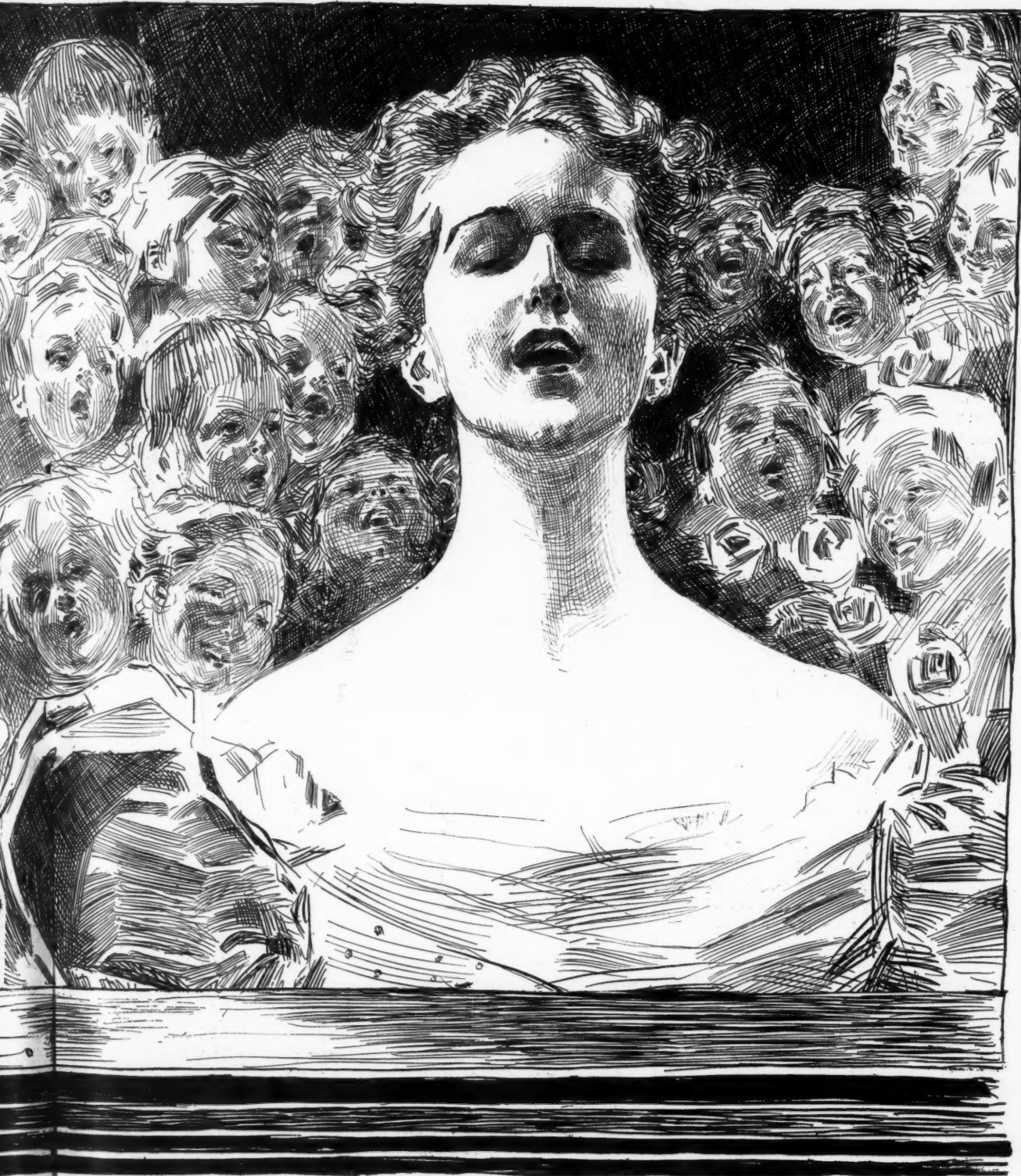


THAT SETTLED IT.

He: WHAT DID YOUR FATHER SAY WHEN YOU TOLD HIM THAT I LOVED YOU?
"HE SAID HE DID ALSO."



LIFE ·



LOVE SONG

TO A BOTTLE.

THOU rear'st us oft in infancy,
And a rare blessing seem'st to be;
Yet often then, beyond a doubt,
When we are grown thou lay'st us out.



THE NEW SEASON.

A GOOD omen marks the beginning of the new dramatic season. The first play presented is imported from London and yet is clean and innocent almost to the point of being idyllic.

Having been tried successfully on a dog in London, "Rosemary" naturally appealed to the artistic nature of Mr. Charles Frohman, the only surviving theatrical manager in America. Mr. Frohman's is a survival of the fittest because his principal function seems to be to fit plays to the peculiarities of Mr. John Drew and others to whom he has served as a god of Olympus by giving them places among the stars.

"Rosemary" is a right pretty little play which violates the unity of time in a most surprising manner. The action of the first three acts takes place in less than four days and then an incident of fifty years later is tacked on as a fourth act. This fourth act is essentially an anti-climax. It is also in pessimistic contrast with the rest of the story and provides a cruel shock to those credulous young persons who cherish the fond belief that true love never dies. At the end of the third act we have Mr. Drew indulging in the throes of an agonized affection which can never die, principally because it is conceived at the ripe age of forty. Then in the fourth act we find him an amiable and well-preserved gentleman of ninety who retains his other faculties but has absolutely forgotten his quondam idol. Probabilities and unities aside, this affords a delightful study in mnemonics which might have inspired the lamented Loisetie to devise a system of aids to the memory of former sweethearts.

The play is amusing and pretty, two qualities which go to make success in a day when our stomachs are rebelling against the too highly-seasoned food lately provided by our London caterers. It gives Mr. Drew opportunity for a versatility with which he is not generally credited. As the ardent lover he is clad in garments other than the conventional ones of to-day's polite society in which we are wont most often to behold him, and the transition to a really clever depiction of senility is startling indeed. In both phases it may honestly be said that Mr. Drew is showing an



Wm. H. Walker '96

A CRUEL SPEECH.

"IF YOU'RE GOING TO ADOPT BLOOMERS, MARIA, PEOPLE CAN'T TELL US APART."

"OH, JOHN! HOW CAN YOU SAY SUCH HORRIBLE THINGS!"

increase of power. His work in the last act is finished in a very marked degree and gives us a new picture of a very old man who is a gentleman in bearing and who is not repulsive with the characteristics of age.

Never since her first hit in "A Midnight Bell" has Miss Maude Adams appeared to such advantage as in the character of *Dorothy Cruickshank*. In appearance she is dainty and elfish and there is no denying that she has acquired a really remarkable power of facial expression.

Mr. Drew's company has now been together so long that



THERE'S NOTHING LIKE PROTECTION.

She: I SUPPOSE THAT EAGLE COULD CARRY ME AWAY WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE?

He: YES, BUT YER NEEDN'T GIT ASKEERT WHILE YER'VE GOT A MAN WITH YER!

it is acquiring a good deal of the capacity for *ensemble* work which has characterized our best stock companies. Mr. Daniel Harkins does admirably the part of *Professor Jogram*, who is a sort of exterior and flesh-and-blood conscience for the *Sir Jasper* of Mr. Drew. Mr. Harwood throws a lot of well-directed energy into the old style, irate stage parent of *Dorothy*. Miss Ethel Barrymore by her marked personality supplies a good deal of emphasis to the minor part of *Priscilla*, and her costume is a marvel, from the picturesque head-dress and make-up down to the hideously fetching congress gaiters.

To the authors of "Rosemary" let us be profoundly grateful that they found an American opening for an English play and did not send something which should either disgust or nauseate us.

* * *
THEATRICAL managers are evidently not afraid of the prospects of a fifty-three cent dollar provided they can get enough of them. In New York's first week of the dramatic season she sees something like ten new plays, notwithstanding the Presidential campaign and the silver idiocy which threatens the country. *Metcalfe.*

DON'T despise the advice of the man who has failed; he should be an authority on what not to do.



AN ADVOCATE OF FREE SILVER.



THE CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST AND THE PATIENT.

Patient: I HAVE COME TO CONSULT YOU IN REGARD TO MY STATE OF HEALTH. I AM AFFLICTED WITH SEVERE HEADACHE UPON RISING.

Christian Scientist: OH, NO. YOU ONLY *think* YOU ARE SUBJECT TO HEADACHE.

P.: YES, HEADACHE AND SOMETIMES DIZZINESS.

C. S.: YOU SIMPLY *think* SO, MY FRIEND.

P. (indignantly): NOT ONLY DIZZINESS, BUT FREQUENTLY NAUSEA.

C. S.: INDEED YOU ONLY *think* SO!

P.: WELL, AS NO RELIEF SEEMS TO BE OFFERED, I MUST SAY GOOD MORNING!

C. S.: MY PRICE, SIR, IS TWO DOLLARS A VISIT.

P.: OH, NO. YOU ONLY *think* IT IS YOUR PRICE. GOOD MORNING.

CHEAPER.

CLERK: Excuse me, sir, but guests without baggage must pay in advance.

THE GUEST: All right. I'll be back in a moment.

"Where are you going?"

"I am going out to buy a trunk."

THE apparent confidence of Li Hung Chang in his ability to pay his bill at the Waldorf gives increased respect for the financial abilities of China. Only a great nation could rally to such an extent so soon after a costly and disastrous war.

A GREAT INVENTION.

BLIVENS: Old Tankley has discovered a way to avoid having a headache when he is getting over a drunk.

STIVENS: How does he do it?

B LIVENS: He stays drunk.



An English journal tells of an amusing rebuke administered to a sharp bargainer, one of those persons who always wish to get more than their money's worth. The offender in the present instance was a woman, who sent the following advertisement to a London paper:

"A lady in delicate health wishes to meet with a useful companion. She must be domestic, musical, an early riser, amiable, of good appearance, and have some experience in nursing. A total abstainer preferred. Comfortable home. No salary."

A few days afterward the advertiser received by express a basket labeled: "This side up—with care—perishable." On opening it she found a tabby cat, with a letter tied to its tail. It ran thus:

"MADAM—In response to your advertisement, I am happy to furnish you with a very useful companion, which you will find exactly suited to your requirements. She is domestic, a good vocalist, an early riser, possesses an amiable disposition, and is considered handsome. She has had a great experience as a nurse, having brought up a large family. I need scarcely add that she is a total abstainer. As salary is no object to her, she will serve you faithfully in return for a comfortable home."

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD is a man of few words, and those very much to the point. Speaking in the House of Commons one day, in reference to the Arab slave-dealers, he said, with great emphasis: "Mr.

Speaker, we ought to catch these men, give 'em a fair trial, and then hang 'em." Receiving an invitation to dinner at Marlborough House one evening, he replied by wire: "Sorry can't come. Lie follows by post."

—Argonaut.

THIS is a story that Charles Henry Webb tells of a western experience of his. He happened to meet an old acquaintance in San Francisco a few years ago, and as there was grand opera in the city just then, Mr. Webb took the young daughter of his friend to hear "Faust." The girl was just out of a convent and had never been in a theatre in all her life before. As the curtain rose Mr. Webb handed her a pair of opera glasses. The girl looked at them for a moment. Then she raised them to her dainty nose, sniffing at first one side and then the other.

"Why," she said, as she handed the lorgnette back to her companion, "you ain't got any salts in them."

—Washington Post.

WHEN her majesty was at Balmoral recently, she visited an old cottager living near. On leaving, her majesty graciously said to the old lady who had been entertaining her: "Well, Mrs. —, you will now no longer be afraid of me, and I shall expect you to pay me a visit."

"Ah, ma'am," replied the old dame, "it's not yer-self I'm afeard on. It's them grand servants."

—Exchange.

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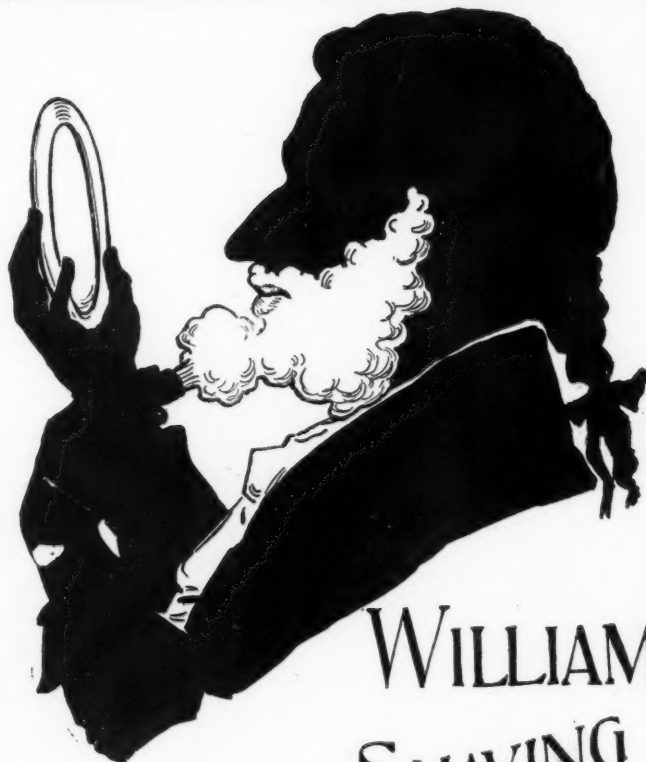
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"You see my daughter Harriet is married to one o' these homeypath doctors an' my daughter Kate to an allypath. If I call in the homeypath my allypath son-in-law an' his wife git mad, an' if I call in my allypath son-in-law my homeypath son-in-law an' his wife git mad, an' if I go ahead an' git well without either o' 'em then they'll both be mad, so I don't see but I'd better die outright."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE recent scandal in Berlin recalls the story of Schweninger's appointment as body physician to Prince Bismarck. At their first interview the prince lost his temper and growled: "Don't ask so many questions;" to which Schweninger replied: "What you need is a horse doctor; he asks no questions." Whereupon Bismarck scowled, and presently tugged at the bell. The doctor was in doubt as to whether he was not to be shown out into the street. But the command was: "Fetch the doctor's things from the station."

—*Argonaut.*

"If you don't give me a quarter," said little Willie, "I'm going to tell about you kissing sister."

"But I hadn't even thought of kissing your sister," protested the young man.

"You ain't?" said Willie, puzzled. "Then I wonder what she told me to say that to you for?"—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A LADY, leading a Skye-terrier by a chain, entered the lady's cabin of a Gloucester ferry-boat the other day. The dog crawled under the seat and went to sleep. Presently a stout man, carrying a market basket, took the vacant place beside her, and stowed his basket under the seat. Soon after the boat started, the woman began to wriggle. She shook out her skirts, and, in an audible whisper said, "Don't be rude, Fido." Presently she turned pale, and, jerking the chain, cried: "Lie down, Fido. Behave yourself, sir." A moment later she jumped up with a shriek and began to execute a war dance, striking at her skirts the while. The stout citizen stared at her in amazement, and then an idea struck him. Reaching under the seat for his basket he looked inside it, and then a great light of intelligence came over him. "Madam," said he, without moving an eyelash, "when you are through with my lobster, will you kindly return it to me?" The jaws of the lobster were wrenched apart before the lady had recovered from her faint.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A New England woman, who lives in an inland town attended the recent Christian Endeavor Convention in Washington. She spent one night of the journey on board a steamboat. It was the first time she had ever traveled by water. She reached Washington extremely fatigued. To a friend who remarked it, she replied: "Yes, I'm tired to death. I don't know as I care to travel by water again. I read the card in my state room about how to put the life preserver on, and I thought I understood it, but I guess I didn't, though. Some way, I couldn't seem to go to sleep with the thing on."—*Argonaut.*

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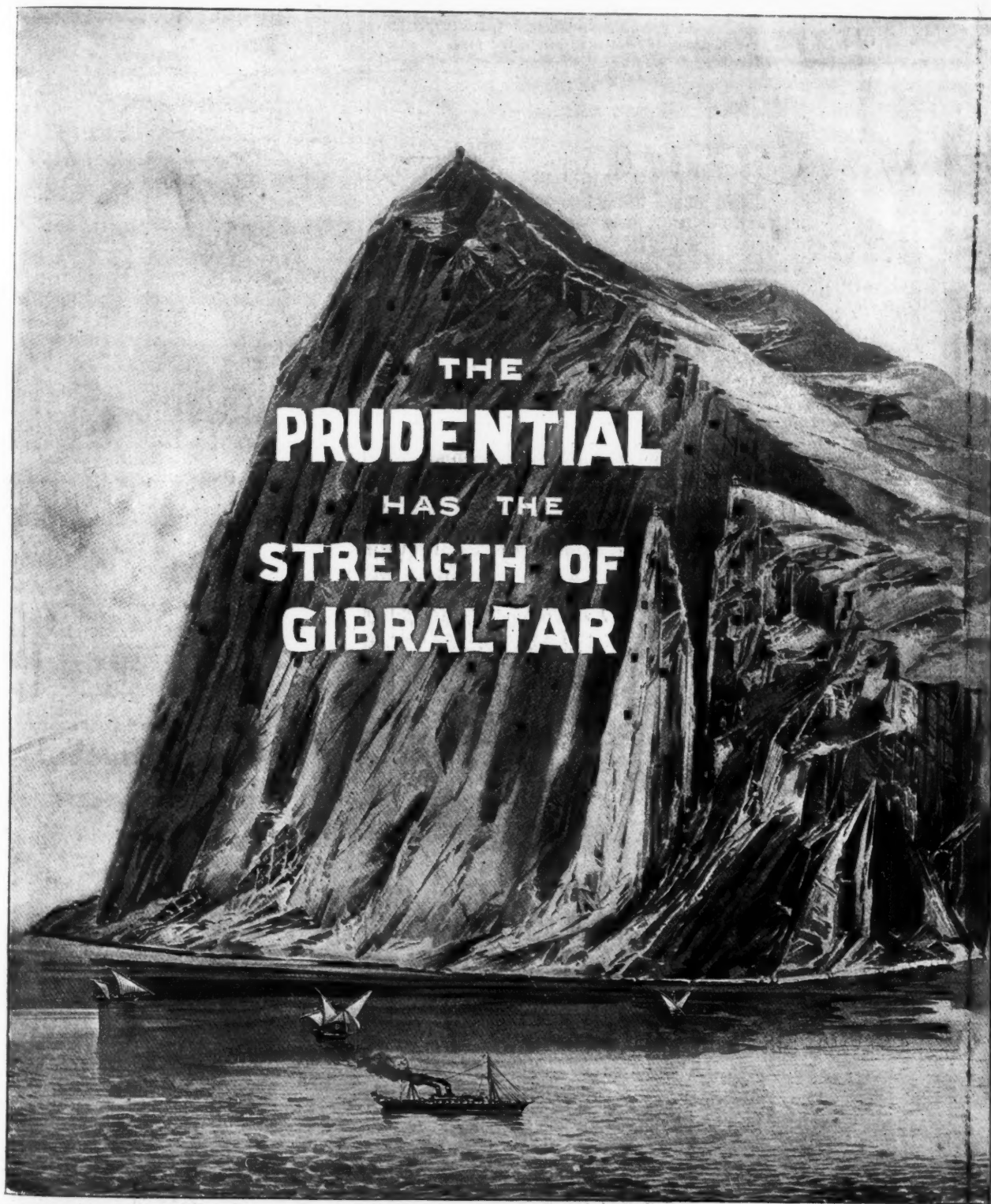
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